



THE MAINE FARMER PUBLISHING CO., Publishers and Proprietors.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

TERMS: \$1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

Vol. LXVIII.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1900.

No. 14.

## Maine Farmer.

Z. A. GILBERT, Agricultural Editor.

A grade Shorthorn cow at the Wisconsin station last year, in a twelve months' test, beat all other cows with a record of six hundred and six pounds of butter.

New Hampshire has a wide-tire law which came into force with the new year. The width of tire required is graded according to weight of load carried up to six inches in width for a load of four to six tons.

It is well known that extreme cold affects trees and plants very much more in the absence of the usual amount of water in the soil. This being the case, annual damage may be looked for this winter especially if extreme cold should at any time prevail.

We have repeatedly claimed that sheep, bright, clean clover hay was worth feeding substantially as much as wheat bran. A noted western feeder, Mr. Joseph E. Wing, now comes forward with an endorsement of this view as applying to alfalfa hay. He says, "we buy little wheat bran now; alfalfa cut early and cured nicely is worth as much to us as wheat bran."

Sheep require fine hay for a fodder ration in winter, and if made up of a mixture of different kinds of grasses all the better. Fine clover hay is the best, but as this is not always available, other hay, provided it is made up of fine grasses makes a good substitute. Coarse hay or straw or clover hay cannot be fed to sheep to advantage. Horses and cattle can take care of that kind of hay. From now on, sheep require the best of care. Above all else keep them dry. They need no protection from cold provided their backs and their feet are kept dry. In cold weather there is no better place to feed them than on the clean snow.

Given a good herd of cattle or a flock of sheep the next thing in importance is a skillful feeder. Choice stock loses much of its superiority if not fed and cared for by competent hands. It was said of one of the noted breeders of Shorthorns that his herdman, set up at auction, would have sold for more than one of his cattle. The skillful feeder must have an intense love for his charge; his mind, his highest thought and deepest concern must be on his business. In this way alone will that watchful care be given that will detect every want and note with accuracy the result of every step of the process. There is a wide difference between the exercise of skill and the mere act of giving stock enough to eat.

**WANTED—MARCH 1st.**  
A man (no children), to work under Mr. Foreman. Must be strictly sober, reliable, and able to do all the work of a farm. Will be paid \$2.00 per week, board and laundry included. Write to Mr. Foreman, care of the editor, The Maine Farmer, Augusta, Me.

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large dairy industry, and her dairymen are fully awake to the importance of keeping up with the procession in the line of progress everywhere going on. The situation differs somewhat in that state from the northern tier of the New England group, in that her comparatively dense population calls for and consumes within her own borders the butter she made.

The programme of the meeting was made up of the usual variety. Hon. Miles B. Preston of Hartford, welcomed the convention, and Hon. J. B. Noble, President of the association, and who is also State Dairy Commissioner, responded in a happy manner.

All of the long-time workers in the agriculture of the state were present at the convention, interested listeners and still active workers in the field seeking that further knowledge everywhere needed. Among them was the venerable yet still active Hon. T. S. Gold, all these years the able Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, and apparently good for more yet. Also Noah Cressy, M. D., V. S., one of the earliest practitioners of the veterinary profession, and the first in the country to discover and promulgate the contagious nature of some of the most damaging bovine diseases. He is not now in practice, having been called to the easier and apparently pleasanter duties of editorial charge of the Connecticut Farmer, where his ripened wisdom finds a broad field.

Maj. H. E. Alvord, Chief of Dairy Division, Department of Agriculture, was present looking after the best makes of butter in the country to represent our dairy interests at the forthcoming Paris Exposition. He has been a long and close student of our dairy interests, and is always a welcome visitor among the fraternity of dairymen. With the veterans in the agricultural service were the younger inquirers, gleaming in the field of investigation, and though finding much of dairy lore laid up within reach by the advance guard that have preceded, yet seeing no less call for further knowledge than their advance agents found, they are earnestly seeking for still more light as fast as revealed. Altogether the attendance was large and plainly made up of those who were there for a purpose. It is a pleasure to address such a gathering.

The papers and lectures presented were in the main from speakers schooled by practice in the matters treated. One of the most important subjects taken up was that of stable ventilation, by Jas. B. Page, D. V. S. Mass. Agricultural College, a subject rightfully coming to be recognized as one of the most important relating to our stock husbandry, and destined to receive far more attention than has been given it in the past. Dr. Page treated his subject largely from a scientific point of view, and proved himself master of the situation. His text was illustrated with stereopticon views showing the application of the principles claimed. His effort clearly showed that the wing stable with monitor roof was the most effective method of securing the thorough ventilation sought. He threw upon the screen pictures of many of the elaborate and costly barn structures where this method of supplying pure air to the stock had proved effective.

The lecture proved somewhat disappointing to many in his audience from the fact that while he clearly showed how this needed provision could be secured in the erection of a new and costly structure, he failed to show how with the thousands of barns already built this same necessity could be easily and cheaply provided. Farmers doing business on a small scale, as most of them are here in New England, cannot afford elaborate and costly methods, especially when their products go into the common markets at ordinary prices, as most of them do. This class of dairymen present failed to get satisfaction out of his otherwise able and exhaustive lecture. His methods were not for them.

But it is in the exhibition brought out that our readers will at this time be most interested—a comparison with what we do in our own state on occasion. A large part of the butter made in that state is consumed by her own people. The fashion peculiar to the state is for a pound block twice the length of its diameter. Hence the regulations of the exhibition required that all samples should be in pound prints, three prints for an exhibit. These were shown on plates, three blocks to a plate, and in no other way, excepting that exhibited for "display." This method of showing this product, when solely for a test of merit, has much to commend it.

The judges were Orrin Bent of Faneuil Hall market, Boston, and W. L. White, wholesale commission dealer, 7 Blackstone St. and the same that laid the scores at the New Hampshire meeting a few weeks ago and at the Vermont later. From the experience we had recently been subjected to in our state we were particularly interested in this exhibition as affording an opportunity for a comparison of scores, and at the same time a comparison of quality as well, with our Maine collection at Lewiston. Yet there could be no comparison of scores, for our Maine record for the winter was the score of an incompetent judge, recklessly making damaging figures, while at Hartford the scores were made by two of Boston's well known dealers, acknowledged wherever known as authorities with the trier and the score card.

We give a list of the total scores in the creamery class as an object lesson of what New England creameries are turning out for winter butter when its merits are measured by competent and reliable judges. The score used allowed 50 points for flavor.

Granny Creamery..... 98  
Bridgewater Hills..... 97  
Andover..... 97  
Canton..... 96  
No. Fairfield..... 96  
Canton Center..... 95  
Hickman..... 95  
Tuxis..... 95  
New Britain..... 94  
Winted..... 94  
Cornwall..... 94  
No. Britain..... 94  
New Milford..... 93  
East Canaan..... 93  
Millbrook..... 93  
N. E. Dairy Co., New Haven..... 91  
Golden Ridge..... 91  
Manchester Center..... 88  
Windsor..... 88

We took much pains, with trier in hand, in comparing the quality of the different exhibits in the show with the make of our best creameries in Maine, and found no evidence that ours belong at the foot of the list. We took upon such a range of scores made in the winter season, as carrying great credit to the creameries represented. This exhibition and others that have been held in New England the passing winter clearly prove that Eastern dairymen are appropriating the advance knowledge of the business to the extreme limit that it has thus far been disclosed, and as a result are putting into the market a product of butter not excelled by any other locality.

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## SCALE OF POINTS FOR GUERNSEY CATTLE.

Adopted by the American Guernsey Cattle Club, December 13, 1899.

FOR BULLS.	
Temperament, Constitution, 35	Clean cut, lean face; strong, sinewy jaw, wide muzzle with wide open nostrils; full, bright eye with quiet and gentle expression; forehead long and broad; back one rising well between shoulder blades; large, rugged spinal processes, indicating good development of the spinal cord.
15	Pelvis arching and wide; rump long; wide, strong structure of spine as setting on of tail. Long, thin tail with good switch. Thin, incurving thighs.
15	Ribs amply and fully sprung and wide apart, giving an open, relaxed conformation; thin arching flank.
15	Abdomen large and deep, with strong muscle and navel development, indicative of capacity and vitality.
15	Hide firm yet loose, with an oily feeling and texture, but not thick.
Dairy Propensity, 15	As shown by having a great deal of vigor, style, alertness, and resolute appearance.
Rudimentary and Milk Veins, 10	Rudimentaries of good size, squarely and broadly placed in front of and free from scrotum. Milk veins prominent.
Indicating Color of Milk in Offspring, 10	Skin deep yellow in ear, on end of bone of tail, at base of horns and body generally; hoofs amber colored.
Symmetry and Size, 25	Color of hair, a shade of fawn with white markings. Cream colored nose. Horns amber colored, curving and not coarse. Size for the breed: Mature bulls, four years old or over, about 1,600 lbs. General appearance as indicative of the power to breed animals of strong dairy qualities.

FOR COWS.	
Temperament, Constitution, 35	Clean cut, lean face; strong, sinewy jaw; wide muzzle with wide open nostrils; full, bright eye with quiet and gentle expression; forehead long and broad; back one rising well between shoulder blades; large, rugged spinal processes, indicating good development of the spinal cord.
15	Pelvis arching and wide; rump long; wide, strong structure of spine as setting on of tail. Long, thin tail, with good switch. Thin, incurving thighs.
15	Ribs amply and fully sprung and wide apart, giving an open, relaxed conformation; thin arching flank.
15	Abdomen large and deep, with strong muscle and navel development, indicative of capacity and vitality.
15	Hide firm, yet loose, with an oily feeling and texture, but not thick.
Dairy Propensity, 15	As shown by having a great deal of vigor, style, alertness, and resolute appearance.
Rudimentary and Milk Veins, 10	Rudimentaries of good size, squarely and broadly placed in front of and free from scrotum. Milk veins prominent.
Indicating Color of Milk in Offspring, 10	Skin deep yellow in ear, on end of bone of tail, at base of horns and body generally; hoofs amber colored.
Symmetry and Size, 25	Color of hair, a shade of fawn with white markings. Cream colored nose. Horns amber colored, curving and not coarse. Size for the breed: Mature cows, four years old or over, about 1,000 lbs. General appearance as indicative of the power to breed animals of strong dairy qualities.

Explanatory Notes by Committee.

We recognize the Guernsey should be:

First. A dairy animal with a distinctive dairy temperament and conformation, having a strong, nervy structure with a corresponding flow of nervous energy, and every indication of capacity and vitality.

Second. In color of hair, a shade of fawn, with white on limbs and under part of body are considered the prevailing markings, and some degree of uniformity is desirable.

Third. One of the important distinguishing features of the breed is the presence of a yellow color in the pigment of the skin, which is indicative of rich, golden color in the milk. This is very pronounced in the Guernsey and held by her to the greatest extent under all conditions of stabling and feed. The intensity of this trait is more marked in some animals and families than in others, but it should be kept at the highest standard. It is fast being recognized that this color is accompanied by a superior flavor in the milk, and thus in the butter.

Fourth. The reason for this is that the moisture underneath this board, or stone wall, is unable to escape, except as it is pumped out by means of the roots of the plants. The grass in the open field is dwarfed and stunted because of the excessive number of plants crowding one another in the struggle for existence and the fact that there is nothing to hold the moisture accumulated in the soil. So, in addition to the continual pumping by the plant, there is constant evaporation from the surface of the soil.

In order that the best results be obtained, some means must be devised to check this evaporation, and there is no better way than by breaking the capillary pores near the surface by frequent, shallow cultivation; in other words, by providing a blanket of fine, dry earth. The blanket of fine earth will serve the same purpose, in holding the moisture back, as will the board, or stone wall, already referred to. Now if we are growing corn, or potatoes, or any other hoed crop, we wish this particular crop to serve as the medium for taking up the food and moisture stored in the soil. The presence of weeds in a given area is pernicious, not so much because of the crowding of the plants that we are growing, although this is a serious drawback, as it is an indication that the blanket of earth referred to is lacking and, consequently, that the moisture carried to the surface by capillary attraction and dissipated in the atmosphere.

The value of tillage in aiding chemical processes is recognized by all. By warming the soil and admitting oxygen, the decomposition of organic matter is hastened, plant food is set free, and a trifling amount is promoted. The simple statement of these facts is, perhaps, sufficient at this time.

Now that we have come to understand why the stirring of the soil makes plants thrive, the feeling of drudgery in tilling the land is lost, and the operation becomes one of the most important and suggestive of all farming operations. We recognize the fact that we must till the soil; that the purpose of tillage is not simply to kill weeds, but is rather to conserve moisture, pulverize the soil, and destroy the conditions favorable to the presence of insects and other enemies.

situated that ordinary tillage by means of the plow and harrow are utterly impracticable. In such cases the use of hogs is to be highly commended. I am aware, in touching upon this subject, that I am treading upon dangerous ground, but from practical observation, I am convinced that the hog may often be used with excellent results upon orchards which have reached a bearing age. The practice in this case would be to use shoats rather than hogs a year or more old. If six or eight hogs are put in an enclosure of about an acre, if not too highly fed, they will, during the season, pulverize the soil as completely as could be done with plow and harrow, and will, in addition, serve an important purpose in destroying fruit infested with noxious insects.

Pruning. One of the most important characteristics of any plant is the fact that its various parts are unlike; that each branch, in a measure, independent and capable of becoming a new individual. On this fact rests the philosophy of the pruning of plants.

There is an intense struggle for existence among all organisms, and changes in the numbers and characters of individuals are largely a matter of environment and of readjustment between different types. Each kind is held down to a certain equilibrium in relation to other kinds by the struggle with those kinds and with individuals of the same kind.

The greater the number of pigweeds in a given field, the less is the opportunity for another pigweed to gain foothold. The same is true of the strawberry or any other plant of value to man.

Now a tree is essentially a collection or colony of individuals. Every branch is endeavoring to do what every other branch does—i. e., to bear leaves, flowers and fruit. So every branch competes with every other branch, and there are more germs of branches—buds—than can possibly be supported upon any tree.

As with individual plants, so with branches—no two are exactly alike, but each is what its position or condition makes it. Some are strong and some are weak. There is no fixed shape or size for any.

Granting this position, we see that there is a struggle among the branches; all are not necessary to the life of the tree; the removal of the useless ones will serve to the improvement of the remaining ones. In other words, pruning is a necessity.

It is commonly asserted that cutting off a large limb is injurious because a given amount of tissue, in the formation of which the plant has expended effort, is thus summarily cut off. In other words, it is assumed that a plant has a fixed vitality from which a certain amount is withdrawn whenever a portion of the plant is cut away. This assumption is wholly gratuitous. The vitality of a plant is very largely determined by the conditions under which it grows—the soil, the surroundings and the treatment.

Furthermore, since plants have no nerves, they cannot die of shock, as is sometimes alleged. If the plant is largely what its food supply and other environments make it, then the removal of a portion of it cannot be injurious unless the removal is so great as to interfere with the nutrition of the remaining parts, as already explained.

It is often urged that pruning should be commenced when the tree is planted and continued annually throughout the life of the tree. It may be a question, however, if we really save a proportionate amount of time, or preserve a better growth of the tree, by early pruning; that is, whether equally good or better results may not be obtained by removing superfluous branches at four, five, or six years of age, rather than by pruning very early in the lifetime of the tree. As already suggested, there is an exact balance between the feeding capacity of the plant—that is, its root system and food supply—and the superficial growth. If we have an active, efficient root system, the top will be correspondingly large. If now, a large part of the top is removed, there is an endeavor to restore the balance by an unusually rapid growth. Pruned plants are almost always more vigorous than unpruned ones because the food taken up by the roots is concentrated into a smaller number of branches. Pruning, in a measure, then, have taken the same effect as manuring, since the stimulating effect of the new growth must be felt upon the root system also.

the end of a single season, fourteen feet more wood than a similar tree which had not been pruned."

Of all the operations connected with the growing of trees and shrubs, pruning and training, bring the person into closest contact and sympathy with the plant. The true lover of plant life shapes and cares for his plants as thoughtfully and works out his ideals as carefully as he would train and guide a child, and the man who cannot feel this sympathetic contact with his plants is the one who uses an axe in pruning.

It is astonishing, however, to find how little the average orchardist thinks of the actual problems at issue with pruning of his trees. To treat even a few of these problems exhaustively would require much more time than can be given to the subject on this occasion. A few important points suggest themselves for discussion, however. As has already been seen an important effect of pruning is to increase vigor. Pruning is also practiced to produce larger and better fruits and flowers; to keep the plant within manageable limits; to remove superfluous or injurious parts; to facilitate spraying, tillage and harvesting; to train the plant to some desired form.

One of the noticeable effects of severe pruning and the consequent disturbed equilibrium of the plant is the formation of water sprouts. The appearance of the water sprouts seems to be influenced more by the vigor of the plant and the amount of pruning than by the season of the year in which the pruning is done. It is probable, however, that fewer water sprouts will arise if pruning is done after midsummer, since at that time the growth of the season is completed. In any case water sprouts may be regarded as weeds in the tree top and should be treated as such. The tendency of plants is to grow from the uppermost buds. By pruning in one way this tendency is augmented, in another it is checked.

As a rule, in dealing with fruit















## "Honest Labor Bears a Lovely Face."

There is nothing more pleasing to look upon than a hearty, ruddy face, gained by honest toil. They are the saving of the nation, the toilers of both sexes, struggling for daily bread.

Pure blood makes them able to keep up the daily round of duty at home, shop or store, if the blood has a taint or impurity, or a run down feeling comes on, the one remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine for the Blood.

Poor Blood—My blood was so poor that in hottest weather I felt cold. Hood's Sarsaparilla made me warm. It is the right thing in the right place. Hattie J. Taylor, Woodstown, N. J.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints  
Hood's Pills cure liver ills, the most inflicting and only medicine to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

**Don't Be Bilious....**  
Be forehanded, and guard against it; Get a bottle of "L. F." Atwood's Bitters and keep your digestion right. Be sure it is the "L. F." kind you get.

**DR. FRANK S. BIGELOW, SKOWHEGAN, ME.,**  
Of Twenty-five Years' Successful Practice, Makes a Specialty of Chronic Diseases.

Patients at a distance, enclose one dollar, with leading symptoms or cause, for thorough diagnosis and prescription. Sarsaparilla scientifically applied at his office in Skowhegan. Office hours, 10.30 A. M. to 2 P. M.

Dr. Bigelow will be at the AUGUSTA HOUSE, AUGUSTA, the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month.

**ADVENT HEALING** by Divine force is an assured fact both for soul and matter. We are giving this our special attention. Particulars on request, stating your case. FINE CUREST EASTMAN, E. Rochester, N. H.

**"AIR CUSHION" RUBBER STAMPS** always make a GOOD IMPRESSION on any surface, last the longest and never wear out. No ordinary stamps. Send for prices, list and full description. H. S. SMITH, 333 CHURCH ST., AUGUSTA, ME.

**CLASSIFIED ADS.**  
N. B. Hereafter, Sale, Want and Exchange advertisements will be inserted under this general head at ONE CENT a word, and will be given a choice position, last the longest and never wear out. No ordinary stamps. Send for prices, list and full description. H. S. SMITH, 333 CHURCH ST., AUGUSTA, ME.

**FOR SALE**—Practically new 4-horse power Automatic Engine and upright boiler. Best trade we ever offered. Write for particulars. LINT & MOSS, 210 Market Street, Boston, Mass.

**FOR SALE**—Four Cockerels and three laying hens, pullets of Duxton White variety. Eggs of C. Brown Leghorns, Rhode Island Red Leghorns. Eggs for hatching. Enclose stamp for reply. THURLOW & SON, Centre Lincolnville, Me.

**CREAMERY OUTFIT** will be sold at a bargain to close an estate. 10 H. F. engine and upright boiler, Junior separator. FRED ATWOOD, Waterville, Me. 3114

**BOOKS ON FREE-MASONRY**. Send for catalogue. SHIFFER, MAJORIC BOOK CO., 245 McClellan Ave., Cincinnati, O. 411

**A. J. C. COWS FOR SALE**. Little Fawn 122290, dropped March 13, 1894; and Little Fawn 114874, dropped March 10, 1894. Both are due to calve the last of January. Very rich and persistent milkers. C. J. COBB, Mt. Pleasant Farm, South Vassalboro, Me.

**FINE-BLOODED Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Poultry, Sporting Dogs**. Send stamps for catalogues. 150 engravings. N. F. BOYER & Co., Conestoga, Pa.

**BAGS**—We will buy cotton seed meal bags, gunny, bran, middlings and flour sacks and pay the freight. SAGAHANOFF FERTILIZER CO., Rowdenville, Me.

**DIVINE Egg Case** illustrated, circular and printed list free. Wanted—E. F. FARMER, Ayer Junction, Mass.

**Quick Curing for Meats.**  
A man who knows from many years' experience gives this method of curing and smoking all kinds of meat, such as ham, shoulders, bacon, dried beef, sausage, bologna, fish, etc. For 200 pounds of meat take 1 lb. pure ground black pepper, 1 lb. brown sugar, 2 1/2 lb. salt, 1/2 lb. pure pulverized saltpeter and mix together. First rub the meat well with salt and let it stand one day in order to draw out all the blood. Lay the ham, shoulders and bacon on the skin side, then apply the above mixture by rubbing and pressing in with the hands. Do more pressing than rubbing, and in the course of a week make two more applications three days apart. If in about two weeks it is not drying as it should, and seems a little slimy, apply a little around the bone, and where the meat is apt to get strong; then when dried in hang in the garret and apply two coats of Krauser's Liquid Extract of Smoke. We cure and smoke our meat in smoke, without any protection around it whatever. Full information will be sent free, on application to E. Krauser & Bro., Milton, Pa.

**Rape and Speltz and Bromus.**  
Greatest, cheapest, richest food on earth these three make. Wonderful testimonials on same. See Salzer's Big Catalogue, sent you for 50 postage and this notice. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis.

## State News.

Mr. Will Rowe, a well-known citizen of Moscow, committed suicide by poisoning Friday night. He leaves a widow and one child. Domestic trouble is the supposed cause.

The opening of the Washington county railroad has set things booming and towns are growing rapidly. Princeton is one which is making rapid growth in all its varied business enterprises.

The Maine Federation of Women's Clubs held its annual meeting at Westbrook last week. Mrs. Florence Collins Porter of Caribou, President. Seventy clubs were represented and the sessions were of unusual interest.

The Northern Maine Packing Company has advertised for bids for the building of their corn canning factory in Pittsfield. It is expected that the work will commence on the plant at an early date and the buildings be ready for occupancy by May 10th.

Hon. Chas. W. Walton, ex-Supreme Court Judge of Maine, died suddenly at his home in Portland, Wednesday, at the age of 80 years. He was a Judge on the Supreme court of Maine for thirty-five years and no man's decisions were ever more highly honored.

Private advice state that Hon. Arthur Sewall of Bath, who is visiting his son, Hon. Harold M. Sewall of Honolulu, is quarantined on account of the discovery of Ebohoia plague at that port. When Mr. Sewall wrote, it was uncertain how long the quarantine would last, but aside from that he wrote that he was having a most enjoyable visit.

It is whispered at Freeport that there is now no doubt about the electric road from Brunswick to Yarmouth. Work will commence as soon as practicable. A branch road to South Freeport, then the direct route to Yarmouth—with electric road, and electric lights on the main street. At the same time the full details have not been settled.

The Bellevue House at Hebron Academy was burned Friday night at about 9.30 o'clock. It was occupied by forty students and was run by F. I. Glover. Underneath the boarding-house was a store, in charge of H. F. Melcher. The fire caught from a defective chimney. Some goods were rescued, but in a badly damaged condition. No one was injured.

Charles H. Harris of Bethel, died at his home on Broad street in Bethel village last Saturday morning, at 6 o'clock. Mr. Harris was 65 years old and was the son of John Harris, a former well-known merchant and business man of Bethel. John Harris came to Bethel from Westbrook about 1825, was a captain of militia, a large real estate owner and a successful business man. Charles was once in trade in Newry and later in Bethel, but for several years past has been out of business.

The Machias authorities are mystified by the circumstances attending the death of Mrs. Amella A. Welch, whose body was found on the beach at Machias last Tuesday morning after she had disappeared the night before. The first impression was that she had been drowned but an examination of the body showed that the hair was not wet and that there was very little water in the lungs. This evidence has led many people to accept the theory that the woman was choked to death by some person unknown, who twisted a veil which Mrs. Welch wore around her neck so tightly as to end her life.

**MADISON CENTER.** The saw mill is a very busy place; huge loads of logs are hauled from all directions. Geo. Sawyer, who has been very sick with a throat trouble, is improving slowly. Several families have been afflicted with sore throats but all are getting better.—Wm. E. French drove a large flock of sheep through this place last week. He pays 27 cents per pound for wool and predicts a higher price.—We have a thirteen years' old farmer who thinks the skunk crop the best as he captured pelts to the amount of \$6.00 in five weeks.—The steer that escaped from Frank King last October and has been running wild since, was caught last week by David Jewett.

William W. Elwell of Westbrook, has been arraigned in the municipal court and pleaded not guilty to the charge of assault with a dangerous weapon and the killing of James T. Adams at Standish. County Attorney Bryan is in New England receiving a great ovation.

The British losses in Africa up to date Jan. 26, in killed, wounded and captured, according to Gen. Buller's last list, gives a total of 8216 men.

The latest from Africa is that the English forces, under Gen. Buller, are in great danger. His main force is 22 miles from its base, heavily hampered by transport train. The coming week is anxiously awaited.

Gov. Roosevelt of New York is proving his independence by removal of certain officials in bad odor and appointing better men. Evidently the one man power in New York is waning and the voice of the people being heard.

Senator Goebel, the Kentucky candidate for governor, defeated by Gen. Taylor, and who now is at the head of the opposition to the present government, was shot, Tuesday, as he entered the State House. It is thought he will live.

An armed force at the state capital and a quarrel over the organization of the state departments in Kentucky suggest to Maine readers the situation here in 1870 and '80, but present indications point to a peaceful solution of the troubles there as here. At one time a violent outbreak was feared.

A joint resolution has been introduced proposing constitutional amendment giving Congress control over all corporations in the states and territories. The effect of the adoption of this amendment would be to put trusts and industrial combinations under the direct control of Congress. To something like this must we come to check the growing evil.

General Otis' cable report of 26, indicates that General Schwan is conducting

the campaign in the south of Luzon with the greatest energy. He has located southwest of Laguna de Bay what is probably the last considerable force of insurgents remaining in one command, and today's report shows that, with small loss to himself, and heavy loss to the enemy, he has managed to completely dissipate the force, probably beyond the possibility of re-construction. General Otis' cablegram is as follows:

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## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE  
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

Allen said the government was prepared to show that the affair in Emory's house was a drunken brawl and the killing was the result of gross negligence or threatened intention on the part of the prisoner. Elwell is a man about 35 years of age and has a family of three children in West Boston. The arrest of this man was the outcome of the coroner's inquest, the verdict and evidence going to show that the killing of Adams was not purely an accident as at first supposed.

BRIDGTON. About ten inches of snow fell here Sunday night; it was much needed as the roads were glare ice.—The recent rains have filled some wells so that the people can water their stock at home.—Geo. Hilton has lived on his farm 43 years and his well never failed until this year. Since October he has hauled water for the house and driven his stock one mile to water.—Lizzie Hilton has returned from a visit in Portland.—Miss Serena and Hattie Chaplin of Waterford, are at Dr. J. L. Bennett's for the winter; Hattie is quite sick with a throat trouble.—Mr. Joshua Larrabee and wife left town this week for Alfred.—Wm. Perry is very sick with pneumonia.—There are three cases of scarlet fever in town.

SUMNER. James Cobb is employed this winter in the mill formerly known as the "Hub mill" at Chase's Mills, Turner.—Mr. Hacker Davis and family recently moved from Mr. David Cole's stand near the Summer post office to rent over the store at East Sumner.—It is regretted that Mrs. Leon L. Newton was obliged, on account of illness, to close the school on Sumner hill the 24th and return to her home at Canton.—Miss Fannie Sewall returned from Portland Jan. 20th.—Mrs. Frank Young is recovering from an attack of erysipelas.—The farmers have recently been putting in ice for use in their creameries.—Mrs. James Heald was called to East Hebron the 27th by the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Samuel Keene.—Louis Davenport lately exchanged steers with Chas. Hadley.

ST. ALBANS. Mrs. C. H. Gifford of Palmyra, made during the cheese making season of 1899, from the milk of nine cows, 170 cheese that weighed 3,000 pounds. Who has done better?—The gentle rain of Saturday was thankfully received by the farmers as many of them were getting short of water for their stock.—Most of the farmers have put in their ice.—Elliott Kimball was out on a pair of W. E. Gordon's horses hauled 20 cords of birch bolts three miles in three days and hauled a good load of ice home very trip.—Edgar Tower has finished logging for Henry Knight and is now hauling pine timber for John Ames.—Mrs. Elliott Kimball has been visiting friends in Waterford.—Mrs. Lemuel Knight called on one of her old neighbors last week. She is 80 years of age and is able to do her housework, also spin and knit some.—Wm. H. Gordon has a flock of Plymouth Rock hens which have laid well all winter.—Mrs. Samuel Bryan has spun the yarn and knit \$10 worth of mittens and hose this winter besides doing her housework.—Ashley Forest is at work at Albany, N. H.—Bert Eastman and David Bell are hauling some 200 cords of poplar from this place to Fryeburg village.—Mrs. Janie Demmings is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Murphy of Boston, Mass.

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The only consideration militating against a complete revival of Colonial colors (which seem natural to belong to Colonial forms) is the inherent tendency of the commonly used white pigment to decline from its pristine state of whiteness in a discouragingly brief time. In short the difficulty is that white lead will not remain white.

This defect, as I have already shown, is due to the chemical nature of lead compounds, which makes them eager absorbers of free sulphurous gases. The resultant lead sulphide is black, and its formation changes white lead paint to brown, yellow or gray. Since it is impossible anywhere on the face of the habitable earth to find an atmosphere entirely free from sulphur compounds, pure white lead everywhere suffers the penalty of its chemical nature.

The cure for this natural defect is dilution with an inert pigment and protection with a stable white pigment. The popular combination paints fulfill these requirements, the lead in some of them being diluted with inert pigments like barytes, gypsum, etc., and in all of them protected by a goodly proportion of zinc white.

Some painters get over the difficulty by painting with lead and using zinc white for a final coat to protect the underlying layers. This method is probably less effective and certainly more expensive than the use of a properly prepared combination. Users of the better grade of the well known combination paints in the market need have no fear of results in adopting the Continental style of painting.

**CEREAL BREAKFAST FOODS.**  
Bulletin of the Maine Agricultural Experiment Station.  
Bulletin 55 of the Maine Agricultural Experiment Station which is now being mailed, treats of "Cereal Breakfast Foods." There has been a great increase in the use of cereal foods for breakfast during the past 20 years. This is largely due to the fact that these food materials are now offered in great variety and are so prepared that they can be made ready for the table in a very few minutes. These are healthful and nutritious foods and merit an increasingly important place in the American dietary. They contain the analysis of 41 different kinds. While these foods are carefully manufactured and are free from adulteration, they differ considerably in nutritive value, and in economy. Some of these foods selling at a high price are no more nutritious than others at a much lower price. As imported oat meal costing 11 cents per pound was no better for nutriment than domestic oat meal in bulk at 3 cents a pound. Prepared oat meal costing from 3 to 7 cents a pound, are not only alike chemically but may come from the same oats from the same mill, one in bulk, the other in package.

The bulletin, No. 55, will prove of interest to many housekeepers and students of domestic economy, and will be sent free to all who apply to the Agricultural Experiment Station, Orono, Me. In writing please mention this paper.

**A Successful Half Century.**  
After closing the most prosperous year in its long career, the Auburn, Maine, firm of J. F. True & Co., has just celebrated its fortieth year and is receiving congratulatory messages and tidings of good will from all parts of the country.

At its regular yearly meeting officers were chosen as follows: President, Dr. J. F. True; secretary and treasurer, Edward C. True; directors, Dr. J. F. True, E. C. True and J. R. True.

It was caused for congratulation that the sales of True's Pin Worm Elixir, begun on so modest a scale half a century ago have shown a steady increase in volume ever since, and that even better years are in store, is indicated by the considerable increase in sales for 1899 over 1898, extending into a wider territory than ever before, covering the entire country.

The honored head of the firm, now in his 83d year has seen the triumph of his plans, and enjoys in hale old age the success that has been developed as the result of his early faith in his Elixir, and his struggles to found an enduring business.

"Self Preservation." For this reason everyone who is ill desires to become well. Those who have impure or impoverished blood turn to Hood's Sarsaparilla, because they know it will enrich and purify their blood and give them good health. To take this medicine on the first appearance of impure blood is an important step toward self preservation.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache, indigestion.

News from Honolulu per steamer Miowera says: The total number of deaths from plague up to the time the Miowera sailed for this port was 29 out of 39 cases. Two were whites and another was a half breed. The other deaths were about equally divided between Hawaiian natives and Orientals.

Germany is preparing for a war with the United States. Such is the warning solemnly uttered by one of the most conservative publications in the world.—The London Spectator. It stood staunchly by this country during the late war with Spain. In support of its contention that war between Germany and the United States is inevitable in the not distant future some pregnant facts are adduced.

While New England is favored with zero weather the weather in the vicinity of Melbourne, Australia, has broken all records for heat recently. On New Year's day five deaths occurred from prostration, and as late as five o'clock in the afternoon the thermometer stood at 114 in the shade. In the sun the temperature was recorded as high as 156 degrees and it stood at that point for several hours.

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A Chinese imperial edict issued Thursday, says that owing to the Emperor's poor health he is unable to conduct the business of state and appoints Chun, son of Prince Tuan, his heir. The Emperor, apparently has been compelled by the dowager empress, to abdicate about the Chinese New Year, though it is understood this will meet with considerable opposition in certain court circles. The dowager, however, intends to carry out the programme which she has been planning for years. It is said that the father of the new Emperor, is at the head of the secret orders which have attempted to drive out all missionaries.

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**CEREAL BREAKFAST FOODS.**  
Bulletin of the Maine Agricultural Experiment Station.  
Bulletin 55 of the Maine Agricultural Experiment Station which is now being mailed, treats of "Cereal Breakfast Foods." There has been a great increase in the use of cereal foods for breakfast during the past 20 years. This is largely due to the fact that these food materials are now offered in great variety and are so prepared that they can be made ready for the table in a very few minutes. These are healthful and nutritious foods and merit an increasingly important place in the American dietary. They contain the analysis of 41 different kinds. While these foods are carefully manufactured and are free from adulteration, they differ considerably in nutritive value, and in economy. Some of these foods selling at a high price are no more nutritious than others at a much lower price. As imported oat meal costing 11 cents per pound was no better for nutriment than domestic oat meal in bulk at 3 cents a pound. Prepared oat meal costing from 3 to 7 cents a pound, are not only alike chemically but may come from the same oats from the same mill, one in bulk, the other in package.

The bulletin, No. 55, will prove of interest to many housekeepers and students of domestic economy, and will be sent free to all who apply to the Agricultural Experiment Station, Orono, Me. In writing please mention this paper.

**A Successful Half Century.**  
After closing the most prosperous year in its long career, the Auburn, Maine, firm of J. F. True & Co., has just celebrated its fortieth year and is receiving congratulatory messages and tidings of good will from all parts of the country.

At its regular yearly meeting officers were chosen as follows: President, Dr. J. F. True; secretary and treasurer, Edward C. True; directors, Dr. J. F. True, E. C. True and J. R. True.

It was caused for congratulation that the sales of True's Pin Worm Elixir, begun on so modest a scale half a century ago have shown a steady increase in volume ever since, and that even better years are in store, is indicated by the considerable increase in sales for 1899 over 1898, extending into a wider territory than ever before, covering the entire country.

The honored head of the firm, now in his 83d year has seen the triumph of his plans, and enjoys in hale old age the success that has been developed as the result of his early faith in his Elixir, and his struggles to found an enduring business.

"Self Preservation." For this reason everyone who is ill desires to become well. Those who have impure or impoverished blood turn to Hood's Sarsaparilla, because they know it will enrich and purify their blood and give them good health. To take this medicine on the first appearance of impure blood is an important step toward self preservation.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache, indigestion.

**MCCORMICK MACHINES** are built in the largest works in the world manufacturing harvesting machines and binder twine. MCCORMICK holds the world's record 213,629 machines built and sold last season. This enormous output has been created by building the BEST IN THE WORLD.

**MCCORMICK MACHINES ARE SO EASY TO HANDLE THAT YOUR BOY CAN OPERATE THEM SUCCESSFULLY IN THE FIELD.**

**M<sup>o</sup> CORMICK**  
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**MAINE'S GREATEST STORE.**

**3 SPECIAL BARGAINS.**

**WINDOW SHADES.**  
We have just 110 White Cambric Shades, with six-inch lace edge. A very dainty specialty. Made specially for us, to sell at 85 cents. While they last we will sell them at . . . **39c.**

**CURTAINS.**  
100 pairs Serim Curtains, latest stripe effect, two and a half yards long, ruffled edge, worth 75 cents per pair. Special **59c.** price to close.

Also 50 pairs Plain Muslin Curtains, with ruffled edge, three yards long. Former price \$1.00. While they last, **50c.**

**Oren Hooper's Sons.**  
PORTLAND, MAINE.

**GREAT VALUE FREE OF CHARGE.**

**LOW PRICES**  
—OR—  
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**EVERY KIND...**

**AUGUSTA OPTICAL CO.,**  
GRADUATE OPTICIANS,  
OF TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE, who test by the latest improved methods.

**184 Water St., [Over Haskell's Shoe Store] Augusta, Me.**

**Reliable Business Firms**

**WILLIAMSON & BURLEIGH,**  
COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW. Collections made everywhere. Offices over Granite Bank, Augusta, Maine.

**WONDER AIR-TIGHT STOVE.**  
GUARANTEED to run 48 hours. TARKER, CAREY & REID, Plumbers, Steam Fitters and Gas



By OLIVE SCHREINER.

"shouldn't wonder if you fed her one of those buns," he said. "And if you think I've jumped her you'd better go and look yourself. You'll find her along the road." They, the "aae-vogels" that are eating her.

"I caught him by his collar, and I lifted him from the ground, and I threw him out into the street, half way across it. I heard the bookkeeper say to the clerk that there was always the devil in those mun fellows, but they never called me 'Salvation' after that."

"You mean you were eating small things, but there is nothing else to tell. It has been all small, and you will like it. Whenever anything has happened I have always thought I would tell it to you. The back thought in my mind is always you. After that only one old man came to visit me. I had seen some of the men at the barracks. They were very dirty black clothes and a hat with crape round it, and he had one eye, so I noticed him. One day he came to my room with a subscription list for a minister's salary. When I said I had nothing to give, he looked at me with his one eye.

"Young man," he said, 'how is it never? You live in the house of the Lord?' I thought he was trying to do good, so I felt sorry for him, and I told him I never went to chapel. 'Young man,' he said, 'it grieves me to hear such godless words from the lips of one so young, so far gone in the paths of destruction.' Young man, if you forgive God, you will forget your sin. There is a seat on the right hand side as you go at the bottom door that you may get. If you are given over to the enjoyments and frivolities of this world, what will become of your never dying soul?

"He would not go till I gave him half a crown for the minister's salary. After that I saw no more of him. He collected the pew rents and got a percentage. I didn't get to know any one else.

"When my time in that shop was done, I hired myself to drive one of a transport rider's wagons.

"That first morning when I sat in the front and called to my oxen and drove them down the road, the sails with the blue coming down to them and the 'karroo' bushes I was drunk. I laughed. My heart was beating till it hurt me. I shut my eyes tight, that when I opened them I might see there were no shelves about me. There must be a beauty in buying and selling if there is beauty in everything, but it is never so. God will visit you. That transport rider would have been the best life in the world if I had had only one wagon to drive. My master told me he would drive one, I the other, and he would hire another person to drive the third.


"At the places where we 'outpanned' there were sometimes rare plants and flowers, the smell rising from the bush and nuts and roots. A little while as we never see here, but after a while I never looked at them. I was too tired. I ate as much as I could under and then lay down on my face under the wagon till the boy came to wake me to 'inspan', and then we drove on again all night. So it went, so it went, until I was sick of it. Then I was sent to my oxen I called to them in my sleep.

"For I knew I thought of nothing, I was like an animal. My body was strong and well to work, but my brain was dead. If you have not felt it, Lyndall, you cannot understand it. You may work now and work till you are nearly dead, but you are not dead. I see one of those evil looking men that come from Europe—navvies, with the seaastlike, sunken face, different from any Kaffir's—I know what brought that look into their eyes, and if I have only one inch of tobacco I give them half.

"It is work, grinding, mechanical work, that has made them into beasts. I can see how a man's body is that his soul dies. Work is good. I have worked at the old farm from the sun's rising till its setting, but I have had time to think and time to feel. You may work a man so that all but the animal in him is gone, and that grows stronger every day. But you cannot make a man till he is a devil. I know it, because I have felt it. You will never understand the change that came over me. No one but I will ever know how great it was. But I was never miserable. When I could keep my oxen from sticking fast and when I could find a place to dig down in, I had all wanted. After that I don't even remember any more. For 18 hours out of the 24 we worked in the wet. The mud went up to the axles sometimes, and we had to dig the wheels out, and we never went far in a day. My master or where he was more than ever, but when he had done he always found me sitting by the fire, but I was lame, he had offered it me, and I had always refused, but now I drank as my oxen did when I gave them water—without thinking. At last I bought a randary for myself whenever we passed a hotel.

"One Sunday we 'outpanned' on the main road, a sweet road, a great road, going down. It was drizzling still, so I lay under the wagon on the mud, and all the dung was wet, so there was no rain to cook food. My little flask was filled with brandy, and I drank some and went to sleep. When I woke, it was drizzling still, so I drank some more brandy, but I was not my master, who lay by me, offered me his flask, because mine was empty. I drank some, and then I thought I would go and see if the river was going down. I remember that I walked to the road, and it seemed to be going away from me. When I woke up, I was lying by a little bush on the bank, and it was afternoon. All the clouds had gone, and the sky was deep blue. The Bushman boy was grilling ribs at the roadside. He looked at me and grinned from ear to ear. 'Master was a little late,' he said, 'and lay down in the road. Something might ride over his head.' I asked him why he was grinning at me again. It was as though he said, 'You and I are comrades, have lain in a road too. I know all about it.' When I turned my head from him, I saw the earth, so pure after the rain, so green, so fresh, so blue, and I was drunk as a parrot whilst his leader laid a stick on the mud and said, 'Go to the roadside to sleep out his drunk. I remembered my old life, and I remembered you. I saw how one day you would read in the papers: 'A German carrier, named Waldo Farber, was killed through falling from his wagon, being drunkenly carried over his head.' It was supposed to be the same man who was supposed to have been crushed at the time of the accident.'

The first part of an athlete's training regime to the care of the stomach. The nourishing quality of his food is considered. The quantity of each item is weighed and measured. It is curious that this care of the stomach is an essential condition of extraordinary things only to be practiced in special circumstances.



It should be every one's care. Life is a struggle for the prize of success. The man who wins must take care of his stomach. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has caused so many a break-down in the race. It is neglect of the stomach which aggravates indigestion, constipation, is aggravated by eating, flatulence, gnawing in the stomach, heartburn, acid eructations, coated tongue, bad taste in the mouth, nervousness, depression, sleeplessness; these are only a few of the symptoms of a weak stomach and an enfeebled condition of the digestive and nutritive functions. Not all these symptoms will be experienced at once, but any one of them is a danger signal.

"It has made a new man of me," is the constant testimony of those who have used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This remarkable remedy has such a perfect control of the stomach, digestive and assimilative organs and blood making glands that it speedily corrects the derangements which weaken them, re-establishes them in healthy working order, and thus restores the whole body—blood, brain, nerves and muscles—is nourished, and built up into rugged health.

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant. Its protracted use does not create a craving for stimulants.

"The dealer's after the dollar and the customer's after the cure. Its the dealer with his eye on the dollar who proposes substitution at the last moment. Keep his eye on the cure and insist on "Golden Medical Discovery."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do not gripe. They effectually cleanse the system of accumulated impurities.

every month. I sat up, and I took the brandy flask out of my pocket, and I flung it as far as I could into the dark woods. The "sporting" boys were so used to see if he could catch it. It had sunk to the bottom. I never drank again.

"I do not know why I kept on working so hard for that master. I think it was as the oxen come every day and stand by the yokes—they do not know why. Perhaps I would have been with him still, but one day we started with a new team. The new team was made of very thin now, and they had been standing alone in the yoke all day without food while the wagons were being loaded. Not far from the town was a hill. When we came to the foot, the first wagon stuck fast. I tried for a little while to urge the oxen, but I soon saw that one 'span' could never pull it. I went to the other wagon to loosen that 'span' to join them on the front, but the transport rider, who was lying at the back of the wagon, jumped out.

" 'Thy shall bring it up the hill, and if half of them die for it they shall do it alone,' he said.

"He was not drunk, but in a bad temper, for his back ached and his right leg hurt. He swore at me and told me to take the whip and help him. We tried for a little time. Then I told him it was no use, they could never do it. He swore louder and called to the leaders to come on with their whips, and together they lashed. There was one ox, a black ox, so thin that it could not hold its backbone almost cut through his flesh.

" 'It is you, devil, is that, that will not pull?' the transport rider said. 'I will show you something.' He looked like a devil.

"He told the boys to leave off flogging, and he held the ox by the horn until it took up its round neck and backed its foot with all the blood curdled. When he had done, they called to the oxen and took up their whips again, and the oxen strained with their backs bent, but they did not move an inch.

" 'So you won't, won't you?' he said. 'Help you.'

"I told him to let his clasp knife and ran it into the leg of the trembling ox three times up to the hilt. Then he put the knife in his pocket, and they took their whips. The oxen's flanks quivered, and they foamed at the mouth. Straining, they moved the wagon a few feet forward, then stood with bent backs to keep it from sliding back. From that point on, I went to the other wagon, where they were streaming on to the ground. It turned its head in its anguish and looked at me with its great staring eyes. It was praying for help in its agony and weakness, and they took their whips again. The creature below me was calling to its Maker for help. They were streaming of clear blood burst from its nostrils. It fell on to the ground, and the wagon slipped back. The man walked up to it.

" 'You are going to the town, devil. Are you? We'll see you don't take it there.'"

The thing was just dying. He opened his clasp knife and stooped down over it. I do not know what I did then, but afterward I know I had him on the stones, and I was kneeling on him. The boys dragged me off. I wish they had not. I left him standing in the sand in the road, shaking himself. I walked back to the town. I took nothing from that accursed wagon, but I had only 2 shillings. But it did not matter. The next day I got work at a wholesale store. My work was to pack and unpack goods and to carry boxes, and I had only to work from 6 in the morning till 6 in the evening, so I had plenty of time.

"I used to go to the room and subscribed to a library, so I had everything I needed, and in the week of Christmas holidays I went to see the sea. I walked all night, Lyndall, and a little after sunrise I got to the top of a hill. Before me was a long, low, blue, monotonous mountain. I was thinking of the sea I wanted to see. At last I wondered what that curious pale thing which might be. Then it struck me it was the sea. I would have turned back again, only I was too tired to wonder if all the things we lived to see—the churches—the pictures, the great things—were all worth seeing. You see, I had dreamed of it so long. When I was a little boy, minding sheep behind the 'koye,' I used to see the waves stretching out as far as the eye could reach in the sunlight. My father! He is dead always more beautiful than I have ever seen him. I used to see to teach that afternoon, and I saw the water run up and down on the sand, and I saw the white foam

thought would go back the next day. It was not my sea.

"But I began to like it when I saw that it felt night in the moonlight, and when I saw the little lights of the stars before I left I loved it. It was not like the sky and stars, that talk of what has no beginning and no end, but it is so human. Of all the things I have ever seen, only the sea is like a human being. The sky is not, nor the earth. But to see a sea always wanting, wanting, wanting, it stirs in itself to never rest. It is always wanting, wanting, wanting. It hurries on, and then it creeps back slowly without having reached, moaning. It is always asking a question, and it never gets the answer. I can hear it in the day and in the night, and I think that I walk alone with them when there is no one to see me, and I sing with them. I lie down on the sand and watch them with my eyes half shut. The sky is better, but it is so high above our heads. I love the sea. Sometimes we must look down too. After five days of the sea, I began to feel that I was a boatmaker's dress." "I had glorious books, and in the night I could sit in my little room and read them, but I was lonely. Books are not the same things when you are living among people. I cannot tell why, but they are dead. On the farm they would have been living beings to me. I was lonely. I wanted something to be like the sea, but I was lonely. I wanted something that was flesh and blood. Once on this farm there came a stranger. I did not ask his name, but he sat among the 'karroo' and talked with me. Now, wherever I have traveled I have looked for him. In hotels, in restaurants, in passenger wagons as they rushed in, through the open windows of houses, I have looked for him, but I have not found him, never heard a voice like his. One day I went to the botanic gardens. It was a half-blooming, and the hand was to play. I stood in the long raised avenue and looked at the flowers. There were many flowers, and ladies and children came about in boatmaker's dresses. At last the music began. I had not heard such music before. At first it was slow and even, like the everyday life when we walk through it without thought or feeling. Then it grew faster; then it paused, hesitated; then it was quite still for an instant, and then it burst out. Lyndall, they made heaven right with me, and it made it all music. It takes you up and carries you away, away, till you have the things you longed for. You are up close to them. You have got out into a large, free, open place. I could not see anything while it was playing. I stood with my head against that tree, and when I saw the ladies sitting close to me on the wooden bench, and the stranger who had talked to me that day in the 'karroo' was sitting between them.

"The ladies were very pretty and their dresses beautiful. I do not think they had been listening to the music, for they were talking and laughing and looking at each other. I saw and could even smell the rose on the breast of one. I was afraid he would see me, so I went to the other side of the tree, and soon they got up and began to pace up and down in the avenue. All the time the music played they chatted, and he carried on his arm the scarf of the prettiest lady. I did not hear the music any more, but I could hear his voice each time he went by. When I was listening to the music, I did not know I was badly dressed. Now I felt so ashamed of myself. I never knew before what a low, horrible thing I was, dressed in tan cord. That day on the farm when we sat on the ground under the trees, I thought he thought he quite belonged to me. Now I saw he was not mine. But he was still as beautiful. His brown eyes are more beautiful than any one's eyes, except yours.

"At last they turned to go, and I walked after them. When they got out of the gate, he helped the ladies on, and he helped me. He helped me with his foot on the step, talking to them. He had a little cane in his hand, and an Italian greyhound ran after him. Just when they drove away one of the ladies dropped her whip.

"Pick it up, fellow," she said, and when I brought it to her she said sixpence on the ground. I might have given her the garden all mine, but I did not want music. I wanted clothes to be fashionable and fine. I felt that my hands were coarse and that I was vulgar. I never tried to see him again. I staid in my situation four months after that, but I was not happy. I had no rest. The people about me were all as dissatisfied as I. I could not forget them.

"Only one day something made me happy. A nurse came to the store with a little girl belonging to one of our clerks. While the maid went into the office to give a message to its father the little child stood looking at me. Presently she came close to me and said, 'Nice curls, pretty curls,' she said. 'I like curls.'

"She felt my hair all over with her little hands. When I put out my arm, she let me take her and sit her on my knee. She kissed me with her soft mouth. We were happy till the nurse came, and she asked her to go. She was not ashamed to sit on my knee of that strange man. But I do not think my little one minded. She laughed at me as she went out.

"If the world was all children, I could like it, but men and women draw me so strangely and then press me away till I am all alone. I could not live among people. Perhaps some day, when I am grown older, I will be able to go and live among them and look at them, as I look at the rocks and bushes, without letting them disturb me and take myself from me, but not now. So I grew miserable. A kind of fever seemed to take me, and I could not get better. I think so I came back here. I knew you were not here, but it seemed as though I should be nearer you, and it is you I want, you that the other people suggest to me, but cannot give."

It has been a delightful journey, and I shall be glad to see you again. The evening before last, when it was just sunset, I was a little footsore and thirsty and went out of the road to look for water. I went down into a deep little 'kloof'. Some trees ran along the bottom, and I thought I should find water there. The sun had quite set and I went to the bottom of it. I was very still. No leaves were stirring anywhere. In the bed of the moon-

I came to the bank and leaped down into the dry bed. The floor of which I stood was of fine white sand, and the walls were like the sides of the walls of a room. Above there was a precipice of rocks, and a tiny stream of water oozed from them and fell slowly on to the flat stone below. Each drop you could hear fall like a little silver bell. There was one among the trees on the bank that every side like the others. All the other trees were silent, but this one shuddered and trembled against the sky. Everything else was still, but those leaves were quivering, quivering. I stood on the sand. I could not go away. When it was quite dark and the stars had come, I crept out. Does it seem strange to you that it should have made me so happy? It is because I cannot tell you how near I felt to things that we cannot see, but to always feel. That night has been a wild, stormy night. I have been walking across the plain for hours in the dark. I have liked the wind, because I have seemed forcibly my way through to you. I knew you would not hate me, but I would have loved you. When I used to sit on the transport wagon half sleeping, I used to start awake because your hands were on me. In my lodgings many nights ago I have blown the light out and sat in the dark that I might see your face start out more distinctly. Sometimes I would take the little girl's face who used to come to me behind the koppel where I minded sheep and sit by me in the blue pinafore. Sometimes it was the elder. I love both. I am very helpless. I shall never do anything; but you will work, and I will take your work for mine. Sometimes such a sudden gladness seizes me when I remember that somewhere in the world you are living and working. You are my very own. Nothing else is my own so. When I have finished, I am going to look at your room door?"

He wrote, and the wind, which had spent its fury, moaned round and round the house, most like a tired child was crying.

"You work a lot, and sat before the fire rubbing her eyes and listening as he snubbed about the gables and wandered away over the long stone walls.

"You have many letters to write," she said.

"No," he answered. "It is only once to Lyndal."

She turned away and stood long before the fire looking into it. If you have a deadly fruit to give, it will not grow sweeter by keeping.

"Waldo, dear," she said, putting her hand on his, "leave off writing."

He threw back the dark hair from his forehead and looked at her.

"It is no use writing any more," she said.

"Why not?" he asked.

She put her hand over the papers he had written.

"Waldo," she said, "Lyndal is dead."

CHAPTER XXV.  
GREGORY'S WOMANHOOD.

Slowly after the name a cart. On the back sat Gregory in his arms folded, his hat drawn over his eyes. A Kaffir boy sat on the front seat driving, and at his feet sat Doss, who now and again lifted his nose and eyes above the level of the splash board to look at the surrounding country and then, with a suppressed growling wink of his left eye, turned to his companions, thereby intimating that he clearly perceived his whereabouts. No one noticed the cart coming. Waldo, who was at work at his carpenter's table in the wagon house, saw nothing till, chancing to look down, he perceived the shadow of the cart and the man trembling, the little nose wrinkled and a series of short, suffocating grunts giving utterance to his joy at reunion.

Em, whose eyes had ached with looking out across the plain, was now at work in a back room and knew nothing till, looking up, she saw Gregory, with his straw hat and blue eyes, standing in the doorway and holding a quiet, shy, hung his hat up in its old place behind the door, and for any change in his manner or appearance he might have been gone only the day before to fetch letters from the town. Only his beard was gone, and his face was grown thinner. He took off his leather gaiter, said the afternoon was hot and the weather dusty and asked for some tea. They talked of wool and the cattle and the sheep, and Em gave him the pile of letters that had come for him during the months of absence, but of the thing that lay at their hearts neither said anything. Then he went out to look at the kraals, and at the kraals he did not call and he called. They talked about the servants and then ate their meal in quiet. She came and sat on a footstool near him.

"Do you wish to hear anything?" he asked.

She whispered, "Yes, if it does not hurt you."

Yet he lay quiet for a long time. The light through the open door showed him to her, where he lay, with his arm thrown across his eyes. At last he spoke. Perhaps it was a relief to him to speak.

To Bloomfontein, in the Free State, and through which agent he had traced the Englishman, he told her and told her, Lyndal and her stranger had staid he put up. He was shown the very room in which they had slept. The colored boy who had driven them to the next town told him in which house they had boarded, and Gregory went on. In that town he found they had three children—two girls and four boys, and Gregory's heart rejoiced. Now, indeed, it would be easy to trace their course, and he turned his steps northward.

At one desolate farm the Boer had a good deal of tea. The lady had said she liked a wagon that stood before the little gate. The Dutchman, the Englishman had offered £150 for the old thing and bought once more £10 for £16. The Dutchman chuckled, for he had the "Salt-reim's" money in the box under his bed. Gregory laughed, too, in silence. He could not lose sight of them now, so slowly they would travel. He would follow them through the wagon. Yet when that evening came and he reached a little wayside inn no one could tell him anything of the travelers.

**TRY GRAIN-O! TRY GRAIN-O!**

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRIN-O, the new food drink that makes the children healthy and strong. It is made of pure grains, and the most delicate and nutritious food known.

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A new and remarkably attractive publication, profusely illustrated with portraits and halftones; contains all the striking news features of The Daily Tribune. Special War Despatches, Domestic and Foreign Correspondence, Short Story, Humorous Illustrations, Industrial Information, Fashion Notes, Agricultural Matters carefully treated and Comprehensive and Reliable Financial Market Reports. It is mailed at same hour as the daily edition, reaches a large proportion of subscribers on date of issue, and each edition is a thoroughly up-to-date daily family newspaper for busy people.

Regular subscription price,  
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**Send a'l orders to the MAIL**

The master, a surly creature, naïf, stupid with Boer brandy, sat on the bench before the door smoking. Gregory sat beside him, questioning, but he smoked on. He remembered nothing of such strangers. How should he know who had been there months and months before? He smoked on. Gregory, very weary, tried to awake his memory; said that the lady he was seeking for was very beautiful, had a little mouth and tiny, very tiny feet. The man only smoked on as sullenly as at first. What were little, very little mouths and feet to him? But his daughter leaped in the window above. She was dirty and lazy and liked to loiter there when travelers came to hear the men talk, but she had a soft heart. Presently a hand came out of the window, and a pair of velvet slippers touched his shoulder, tiny slippers with black flowers. He pulled them out of her hand. Only one woman's feet had worn them; he knew that.

"Left there last summer by a lady," said the girl; "might be the one you are looking for; never saw any feet so small."

They might have come in a wagon and spider; she could not tell. But the girl was very handsome, tall, lovely figure, blue eyes, wore gloves always when he went out; an English officer, perhaps; no Afrikaner, certainly.

Gregory stopped her.

The lady? Well, she was pretty, rather, the girl said; very cold, dull, air, silent. They staid for, it might be, five days; slept in the wing over against the "steep;" quarreled, sometimes, she thought—the lady. She had seen everything when she went in to wait. One day the gentleman touched her hair. She drew back from him as though his fingers poisoned her; went to the other end of the room if he came to sit near her; walked out alone, once, wife for such a handsome husband, the girl thought. She evidently pitied him, he was such a beautiful man. They went away early one morning, how or in which way the girl could not tell.

Gregory inquired of the servants, but nothing more was to be learned, so, one morning he saddled his horse and went on. At the farm he came to the good old "ooms" and "tantes" asked him to have coffee, and the little shoeless children peeped out at the stranger from behind ovens and gabies; but no one had seen what he asked for. This way and that he rode to pick up a thread he had dropped, but the spider and the wagon, the little lady and the handsome gentleman, no one had seen. In the towns he fared rest worse.

Once indeed hope came to him. On the "steep" of a hotel at little village there walked a gentleman, grave and kindly looking. It was not hard to open conversation with him about the weather, and then— Had he ever seen such and such people, a gentleman and lady, a spider and wagon, arrive at that place? The kindly gentleman shook his head. What was the lady like? he inquired.

Gregory painted—hair like silken floss, small mouth, underlip very full and pink; upper lip pink, but very thin and curled. There were four white spots on the nail of her right hand forefinger, and her eyebrows were very delicate. My curvy. The gentleman looked thoughtful, as trying to remember.

"Yes, and a rose and tinge in the cheeks, hands like lilies and perfectly serpentine smile."

"That is she! That is she!" cried Gregory.

Who else could it be? He asked where she had gone to. The gentleman most thoughtfully stroked his beard. He would try to remember. Was not her name— Here such a violent fit of coughing seized him that he ran away into the house. An ill fed clerk and a dirty barman standing in the doorway laughed aloud. Gregory wondered if they could be laughing at the gentleman's cough, and then he heard some one laughing in the room

You are constantly wanting...

# CHOICE PAPER.

Why not have it printed, and to carry an added advertisement on every pound?

A FARMER has contracted with one of the mills in the country, and will keep a stand of the very best paper made. All rights. Send for prices and samples. United. We will please you.

**E FARMER PUBLISHING CO.,**  
...AUGUSTA, MAINE.

**NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE.**

PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY.

For over fifty-eight years a National Family Paper for farmers and villagers, whose readers have represented the very best elements of our country population.

It gives all important news of the Nation and World, the most reliable Market Reports. Fascinating Short Stories, an unexcelled Agricultural Department, Scientific and Mechanical Information, Fable Articles for the Young, Humorous Illustrations for old and women. It is "The People's Paper" for the entire United States.

Regular subscription price, **\$1.00 per year.**

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**E FARMER, Augusta, Maine.**

more, but he soon found that there was nothing more to be learned there. Poor Gregory!

One day, coming to a little town, his horses knocked up, he resolved to rest them there. The little hotel of the town was a bright and sunny place, like the jovial face of the clean little woman who kept it and who trotted about talking always; talking to the customers in the taproom and to the maids in the kitchen and to the passers-by when she could halt them from the windows; talking, as good natured women with large mouths and small noses always do, in season and out.

There was a little room parlor in the hotel, kept for strangers who wanted to be alone. Gregory sat there to eat his breakfast, and the landlady dusted the room and talked of the great fields at the diamond fields and the badness of misadventures and the shameful conduct of the Dutch nation in that town to the English inhabitants. Gregory ate his breakfast and listened to nothing. He had asked his one question, had had his answer. Now she might talk on.

Presently a door in the corner opened, and a woman came out—a Mozambique, with a red handkerchief twisted round her head. She carried in her hand a tray with a cup of toast crumbled fine and a half filled cup of coffee and an egg broken open, but not eaten. Her ebony face grinned complacently as she shut the door softly and said, "Good morning."

The landlady began to talk to her. "You are not going to leave her really. Ah, ah, are you?" she said. "The maids say so, but I'm sure you wouldn't do such a thing."

The Mozambique grinned. "Husband says I must go home."

"But she hasn't got any one else and won't have any one else. Come, now," said the landlady. "I've no time to burn on the padded door in the corner. I was paid anything for it."

The Mozambique only showed her white teeth good naturedly for answer and went out, and the landlady followed her.

Gregory, glad to be alone, watched the sunshine as it came over the fuchsias in the window and ran up and down on the padded door in the corner. The Mozambique had closed it loosely behind her, and presently something touched it inside. It moved a little. Then it was still, then moved again. Then through the gap a small nose appeared and a yellow ear overlapping one eye. Then the whole slithered along, gliding itself critically on one side, wrinkled its nose disapprovingly at Gregory and withdrew. Through the half open door came a fair scent of vinegar, and the room was dark and still.

Presently the landlady came back. "Left the door open," she said, bustling to shut it, "but a ducky will be a ducky and never carries a load on his shoulders like other folks. Not ill, I hope, sir?" she said, looking at Gregory when she had shut the bedroom door.

"Who," asked Gregory, "is in that room?"

(Continued next week)

### Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean. Get rid of the impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and the lazy liver. Cascarets for blood—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed. 10c, 25c, 50c.

Country Doctor (catching)—Now, lit to be, but what we all do in order to enter Heaven?

Boy—Die.

Country Doctor—Quite right—but what must we all do to be dead?

Boy—Get sick and send for you.

The Missionary—My erring brother, have you been Christianized?

The Native—Not completely. They have grabbed all my land, but I still have my few clothes.—Indianapolis Journal.

**Edicate Your Bowels With Cascarets.**

Home Department

# EVERY MOTHER

Will be interested in the announcement made upon the fourth page regarding the M. Farmer.

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### THE TWO LOVES.

The sweetest notes among the heart strings  
Are dull with rust;  
The sweetest chords adjusted by the hand  
Are clogged with dust;  
We pipe and pipe again our dreary strain  
Upon the selfsame strain,  
While the sounds of crime assail the soul  
In desolation  
Come back in sad refrain.

Oh, through the world we go,  
marching,  
With listening ears;  
Each longing, sighing for the music  
He never hears;  
Each longing, sighing for a word  
lost—  
A word of tender praise—  
A word of love to cheer the endless  
Of earth's hard, busy days.

They love us and we know it; this  
For reason's share;  
Why should they pause to give the  
expression  
With gentle care?  
Why should they pause? But still  
are aching  
With the growing pain  
Of hungry love, that longs to hear  
And longs, and longs in vain.

We love them, and they know it; if  
With fingers numb,  
Among the unused strings of love's  
sitar—  
The notes are dumb;  
We shrink within ourselves in  
sorrow,  
Leaving the words unsaid,  
And side by side with those we  
dearest,  
In silence on we tread.

Thus on we tread, and thus each  
silence  
Its fate fulfils—  
Waiting and hoping for the heaven  
Beyond the distant hills.  
The only difference of the love is in  
From the love on earth beloved  
Is, here we love and know not how  
And there we all shall  
Rejoiced.

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### THE INSIDE AND THE OUTSIDE.

There is something pathetic  
sweetness which other people's  
possession for most of us. A mother  
said to a popular teacher, who I  
adored by her pupils for a score  
"What a wide and beneficent life  
you have exerted, while I have  
scooped up at home, managing a  
dozing the mumps and measles  
patching and darning! How narrow  
life looks beside yours!"

"Narrow!" cried her friend,  
how you have sent forth into the  
every morning your husband at  
flock of boys and girls, full of he  
cheer! What a model home you  
created for all your friends to see  
I who have lived a narrow life  
than you. What is the slight  
which I may have given to a thousand  
more lives compared with the  
termining influence which you  
wielded over the half dozen  
home?"

"Is it possible that you can think  
exclaimed the tired mother, incred  
ly.

"I know so. I have watched  
children in school. They radiate  
where an atmosphere of love and  
and it was you who gave it to them."

One woman lived in a stately  
beside the sea. Her lawns sloped  
to the tide. A wide garden stretched  
behind. She had a carriage and a  
man to drive her wherever she chose.  
Her dearest friend lived in a  
quarters in the city. She was no  
but she had a circle of charming  
and many opportunities for social  
intellectual development.

"How I envy you your life!"  
the city woman to her friend,  
could only sit down after breakfast  
uninterrupted morning such as  
scribe! We have two dinners and  
receptions on hand for this week  
two luncheons and ever so many  
things next week. With my board  
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art, my housekeeping, the four chil  
my reading and all, I am nearly  
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enjoy these things when you choose  
and then you can flee away to your  
tiful, quiet home and escape the  
How I envy you!"

But her friend pined in her loneliness  
and said, bitterly, "I have quite a  
social talent as she, yet here I am  
away from it all. How much more  
has of this world's pleasures than  
One woman was a gifted singer  
friend was a writer.

"If I could only write books as  
my stories and poems in the mag  
as you do!" sighed the singer.

"If I could only charm everybody  
my voice as you do, and had only  
my mouth to earn ten dollars!" said  
the writer. It is the old story of  
he paint? He fain would write as  
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picture."

"How many invitations you have  
claimed one friend to another.

"I was just thinking how much  
have!" returned the other. "How  
are asked to meet a distinguished  
to-morrow. I am not, and I seldom  
joy such an opportunity."

"Oh, that happens only because  
husband is a musician and known  
manager," explained the first  
"All my invitations are from  
like that—we have no special oc  
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friends who knew us when we were  
young, or our church people, or  
thing like that."

"So are everybody's," said the

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## Home Department.

## EVERY MOTHER

Will be interested in the announcement made upon the fourth page regarding the Maine Farmer.

## THE TWO LOVES.

The sweetest notes among the human heart strings  
Are dull with rust;  
The sweetest chords adjusted by the angels  
Are clogged with dust;  
We pipe and pipe again our dreary music  
Upon the self-same strain  
While the sounds of crime and fear and  
Desolation  
Come back in sad refrain.

Oh, through the world we go, an army  
marching,  
With listening ears;  
Each longing, sighing for the heavenly  
music  
He never hears:

Each longing, sighing for a word of comfort  
A word of tender praise—  
A word of love to cheer the endless journey  
Of earth's hard, busy days.

They love us and we know it; this suffices  
For reason's share;  
Why should they pause to give that love  
expression

With gentle care? But still our hearts  
are aching  
With the growing pain  
Of hungry love, that longs for love's music  
And longs, and longs in vain.

We love them, and they know it; if we falter,  
With fingers numb,  
Among the unused strings of love's expression.

The notes are dumb;  
We shrink within ourselves in voiceless  
sorrow,  
Leaving the words unsaid,  
And side by side with those we love the  
dearest.

In silence we tread.  
Then on we tread, and thus each heart in  
silence  
In fate fulfills—  
Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music  
Beyond the distant hills.

The only difference of the love in heaven  
From the love on earth below  
Is, here we love and know not how to tell it,  
And there we all shall know—  
Rejoiced.

## THE INSIDE AND THE OUTSIDE VIEW.

There is something pathetic in the  
sweetness which other people's blessings  
possess for most of us. A mother once  
said to a popular teacher, who had been  
adored by her pupils for a score of years:

"What a wide and beneficent influence  
you have exerted, while I have been  
scooped up at home, managing servants,  
dosing the mumps and measles, and  
patching and darning! How narrow my  
life looks beside yours!"

"Narrow!" cried her friend. "Think  
how you have sent forth into the world  
every morning your husband and your  
flock of boys and girls, full of health and  
cheer! What a model home you have  
created for all your friends to see! It is  
I who have lived a narrow life rather  
than you. What is the slight touch which  
I may have given to a thousand or  
more lives compared with the deep, de-  
termining influence which you have  
wielded over the half dozen in your  
home?"

"Is it possible that you can think so?"  
exclaimed the tired mother, incredulously.

"I know so. I have watched your  
children in school. They radiate every-  
where an atmosphere of love and light,  
and it was you who gave it to them."

One woman lived in a stately mansion  
beside the sea. Her lawn sloped down  
to the tide. A wide garden stretched  
behind. She had a carriage and a coach-  
man to drive her wherever she chose to  
go. Her dearest friend lived in cramped  
quarters in the city. She was not rich,  
but she had a circle of charming friends  
and many opportunities for social and  
intellectual development.

"How I envy you your life!" wrote  
the city woman to her friend. "If I  
could only sit down after breakfast to an  
uninterrupted morning such as you de-  
scribe! We have two dinners and three  
receptions on hand for this week, and  
two luncheons and over so many other  
things next week. With my board meet-  
ings, my course of weekly lectures on  
art, my housekeeping, the four children,  
my reading and all, I am nearly dis-  
traced. You can run into the city, and  
enjoy these things when you choose,  
and then you can flee away to your beau-  
tiful, quiet home and escape them all.  
How I envy you!"

But her friend pined in her loneliness,  
said, bitterly, "I have quite as much  
social talent as she, yet here I am shut  
away from it all. How much more she  
has of this world's pleasures than I!"

One woman was a gifted singer. Her  
friend was a writer.

"If I could only write books and see  
my stories and poems in the magazines  
as you do!" sighed the singer.

"If I could only charm everybody with  
my voice as you do, and had only to open  
my mouth to earn ten dollars!" moaned  
the writer. It is the old story of "Does  
he paint?" He said would write a poem.  
Does he write? He said would paint a  
picture."

"How many invitations you have!" ex-  
claimed one friend to another.

"I was just thinking how many you  
have!" returned the other. "How you  
are asked to meet a distinguished man  
to-morrow. I am not, and I seldom en-  
joy such an opportunity."

"Oh, that happens only because my  
husband is a musician and knows his  
manager," explained the first speaker.

"All my invitations are from causes  
like that—we have no special circle as  
you have. My invitations are from old  
friends who knew us when we were  
young, or our church people, or some-  
thing like that."

"So are everybody's," said the friend.  
"Yours look rather common and insigni-

ficant to you, I see, and mine look the  
same to me. We enjoy them, but we  
wonder that anybody should think us  
lucky to have them. Now it seems to  
me that you have great advantages over  
me in that way."

"Oh, it seems to me that you have far  
more brilliant social chances than I!"  
protested the other and so it went on.

Carlyle says somewhere that "each age  
seems to itself most unheroic," and Mr.  
Howells remarks that "no success looks  
very fine from the inside." The public  
usually sees only the successes and the  
fortunate hits. The defeats, the mortifi-  
cations and the "true inwardness" of  
it all are left for the individual himself;  
but your genuine philosopher, especially  
if he have the honey of a still higher  
spirit with which to sweeten his apho-  
risms, makes allowances both ways.—  
Kate Upson Clark, in *Congregationalist*.

## TO LAUNDER LACE CURTAINS.

BY S. H.

A young housekeeper writes me to  
know the best method of laundering her  
lace curtains at home, as she wants to  
save and be as economical as possible, as  
it devolves upon her to live within her  
young husband's salary—and these are  
new curtains and the first time they  
have been washed.

This is commendable in a young wife,  
and I will say that curtains should be  
taken down and laundered as soon as  
they show soil; if not, they will wear  
out much quicker. If they are allowed  
to hang too long without cleaning, they  
will have to be rubbed so hard that holes  
will come sooner; but they are made to  
do duty long after they are not present-  
ably—hence this is the cause of that  
early demise. The following method is  
excellent:

Take your curtains down and shake all  
the loose dust out of them, and put  
them in warm water and soak over  
night. The next morning prepare a tub  
half full of hot water and add enough  
pearline to make a good cleansing sud.

Let them lay in this suds for an hour,  
then put them in fresh clean suds pre-  
pared the same as the first, and squeeze  
them up and down, rubbing with the  
hands, then rinse in clean soft water. If  
the curtains are white, the second rinse  
water may be made as blue as for white  
clothing. If you wish them yellow or  
an ecru color, put some black coffee in  
the water.

If you have stretchers it is easier to do  
them up at home; but I have had lovely  
ones that looked like a professional's  
curtains, just pinned to sheets which are  
tacked to the floor of some unused room,  
the curtains must be pinned carefully,  
each corner and flower stretched evenly  
and nicely to the sheets. If you tack  
them on the stretchers you can place  
them out in the sun to dry, but never re-  
move them from the floor or the stretch-  
er until they are perfectly dry, so they  
will retain the proper amount of stiff-  
ness. Some put a little starch in them,  
but if stretched while wet, they dry  
quite stiff. But that is a matter of taste.  
I have tried both ways. Some think  
they stay clean longer to starch them.

## TEN USES FOR LEMONS.

Lemon juice removes stains from the  
hands.

A dash of lemon in plain water is an  
excellent tooth-wash. It not only re-  
moves tartar, but sweetens the breath.

Two or three slices of lemon in a cup  
of strong tea will cure a nervous head-  
ack.

Lemon juice (outward application)  
will allay the irritation caused by the  
bites of gnats or flies.

No family should be without lemons.  
Their uses are almost too many for enu-  
meration.

A teaspoonful of the juice in a small  
cup of black coffee will certainly relieve  
a bilious headache.

Lemon peel (also orange) should be  
all saved and dried. They are a capital  
substitute for kindling wood. A hand-  
ful will revive a dying fire.

The juice of a lemon, taken in hot  
water on awakening in the morning, is an  
excellent liver corrective, and for stout  
women is better than any anti-fat medi-  
cine ever invented.

Glycerine and lemon juice, half and  
half, on a bit of absorbent cotton, is the  
best thing in the world wherewith to  
moisten the lips and tongue of a fever-  
parched patient.

The finest of manure acids is made  
by putting a teaspoonful of lemon juice  
in a cupful of warm water. This re-  
moves most stains from the fingers and  
nails, and loosens the cuticle more satis-  
factorily than can be done by the use of  
a sharp instrument.

Lemon juice and salt will remove  
rust stains from linen without injury to  
the fabric. Wet the stains with the  
mixture and put the article in the sun.  
Two or three applications may be neces-  
sary, if the stain is of long standing, but  
the remedy never fails.—*Exchange*.

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES.

I once heard a minister say, "Hell is  
paved with good resolutions and neg-  
lected opportunities." I did not under-  
stand the meaning then of the assertion  
and was shocked at the statement. But  
I have lived to verify his declaration in  
many instances. Many times when help  
could have been given to others in trou-  
ble and the intention to give the needed  
assistance was good and plans were  
made to give the needed help, yet I  
would neglect to put my good intentions  
into practice, until the opportunity was  
lost to me forever to help the suffering  
one. Thus my good intentions were  
lost in neglected opportunities? My  
circumstances in my own life can be re-  
called that prove that the minister was  
not very far wrong. I find myself pil-  
ling up these pining stones every day. I  
say, "O, yes, I'm going to," but then I  
don't do it.—*Rural World*.

THERE IS A CLASS OF PEOPLE

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Re-  
cently there has been placed in all the gro-  
cery stores a new preparation called GLEAN-  
O, made of pure grains, that take the place of  
coffee. The most delicate stomach receives  
it without distress, and but few can tell it  
from coffee. It does not cost over 1/4 as much.  
Children may drink it with great benefit.  
10c and 25c. per package. Try it. Ask  
for GLEAN-O.

## Women Who have the Blues

**Despondency in women is a mental condition directly traceable to some distinctly female ill. Well women don't have the blues, but comparatively few people understand that the right medicine will drive them away.**

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

**overcomes the blues, because it is the safeguard of woman's health.**

**It regulates the entire female organism as nothing else does. When the dragging sensation and the backache go, the blues will go also.**

**Read the letters from women appearing in this paper—women who have tried it and know. There are a million such women.**

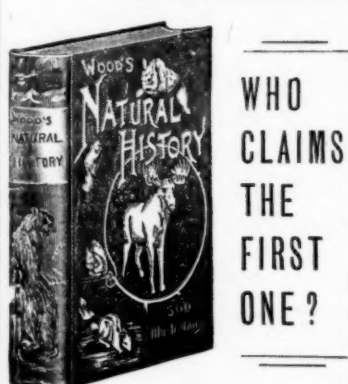
## AN ANGEL OF MERCY.

There is a very beautiful young woman  
who often visits the East side in the in-  
terests of mission work, and she always  
takes pains to wear something pretty on  
these errands of mercy, as the miserable,  
ragged women and children gaze at her  
clothes with marked admiration and re-  
spect, says the *New York Mail and Ex-  
press*. The children stroke her fur  
collar and play tag with her muff, while  
the women note her hats and ask where  
she buys her neckwear. There is no  
doubt that she looks more or less angelic,  
with her softly curling, golden hair,  
her blue eyes and emerald collettette.

The other day she visited a sick little  
girl in one of the darkest, most crowded  
spots on Cherry Hill. The little crea-  
ture seemed amazed at the gently spoken  
words and the tenderness of the sweet  
face above her, but this grew into awe  
when a bunch of flowers, a doll,  
some grapes and oranges and a warm  
bedspread were brought out by her fair  
benefactor. Gazing rapidly into the blue  
eyes, the little mistle whispered earnestly,  
"Are you God's wife?"

## Young Folks.

## A CHANCE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.



WHO CLAIMS THE FIRST ONE?

Sent Free for 4 New Subscribers at \$1.00, Paid One Year in Advance.

350 pages; 500 engravings.

## The BOOK FOR BOYS.

## THREE LITTLE DOGS.

Three little dogs were talking,  
As they trotted along the road;  
And the subject of speech,  
Was what had folks were abroad.

Said the first: "You will hardly believe it,  
But I can assure you it's true—  
A man with a pall  
Threw snow on my tail!"

Now I think that is cruel, don't you?"  
Said the second: "That's very atrocious;  
But a worse thing happened to me—  
A boy with a stone  
Almost broke my backbone.

Now what do you think of that?" said he.  
Said the third: "My fate was the hardest,  
And I can prove it just now—  
A man knocked me flat  
When I looked at a cat!"

Wasn't that too bad? Bow-wow!"  
But the three little dogs did not mention—  
The first, that he'd stolen some sprats;  
The next, that he ran  
At a poor blind man;

And the third, that he haunted the cats.  
Thus these three little dogs were talking,  
And many little folks do the same;  
They tell of a story  
That redounds to their glory.  
But forget where they well deserve blame  
—*Hallowell Register*.

## HISTORY OF JOAN OF ARC.

Jeanne d'Arc, known in history as the  
Maid of Orleans, was born in the pleas-  
ant village of Domremy, near the border  
of Lorraine. Her parents were poor  
peasants and Jeanne was their fifth child.  
Her education was very limited, and she  
spent her early life as a shepherdess.  
All her life time was spent in hearing or  
repeating church traditions. Whenever  
stranger came to her father's house,  
she always made it a point to get from  
him all the knowledge she could of the  
condition of the country.

France, at this period, was rent asun-  
der by civil dissension. The people of  
the interior claimed Henry VI of Eng-  
land as their rightful sovereign, and  
those of the more remote provinces,

Charles VII of France. The people of  
Lorraine adhered to Charles, and  
Jeanne became a politician in girlhood,  
and aspired to chivalrous deeds. When  
she was but eight years of age, signs of  
mediumship began to manifest them-  
selves in her. She often heard voices in  
her father's garden; she seemed to feel  
that these messengers who appeared to  
her were preparing her for something.

She was not long kept in suspense; for  
one day they appeared to her and bade  
her go help the King of France, and told  
her how to do it. She fell upon her knees  
and said, "I know not how to ride a  
horse or lead an army," but the heav-  
enly visitors replied, "Go to Captain de  
Baudricourt and he will conduct thee to  
the king." She accordingly sought an  
interview with M. Baudricourt. In this  
she was successful, although at first he  
treated her as an idle enthusiast. He  
was finally so impressed by what she  
told him, that he took her to the king.  
Before she was brought before the king,  
he resolved to test her as a medium by  
placing one of the courtiers on the throne  
and donning a humble garb himself, but  
she recognized him among all the people.

The story of her divine appointment  
deeply moved the king, and he accepted  
the services of Jeanne, clad her in armor  
and placed her at the head of 10,000 men.  
There was something in her very appear-  
ance that inspired awe.

The English troops, at this time, were  
besieging Orleans, one of the strongest  
fortifications of the French. It was there  
that she, with her soldiers, attacked  
them. In this battle, as in many others,  
she was victorious, and displayed bril-  
liant generalship. The English troops  
were affected by the superintendence that  
she was a sorceress, and a panic ensued  
wherever she appeared. She at last  
raised the siege of Orleans and entered  
the city in triumph. Charles was  
crowned with Jeanne by his side, clad in  
full armor and holding her banner. She  
felt now that her mission was accom-  
plished and desired to return to her  
parents; but the king wished her to re-  
main and gain new honors for him, which  
she did. She was at last taken prisoner  
by her enemies, and put upon trial as a  
sorceress, pronounced guilty and was  
condemned to be burned at the stake.

A huge pile of fuel was made, and the  
noble girl who had done so much for  
France, was burned in the presence of a  
great number of people.

The result of her wonderful career gave  
Charles the whole kingdom of France.

An imposing statue is erected to her  
memory in Orleans. The French still  
cherish a great attachment for her mem-  
ory, and a yearly fête is given in her  
honor.

When we were weak, England under-  
took to place us in Ireland's condition,  
but France, redeemed by the Maid of  
Orleans, sent aid to us. Therefore, prob-  
ably we are somewhat indebted to the  
Maid of Orleans. CARROLL YOUNG.

Dear Editor and Young Folks: As I  
have not written for such a long time,  
I will write a few lines about William  
Penn. He was a Quaker. The Quakers  
are a pure, good people, but in some  
things peculiar. They were broad-  
brimmed hats, which they would not  
take off before lord or judge, or even  
the King himself. They called no man  
Mister. They would not address the  
king as Your Majesty, but called him  
Friend Charles, or Friend James, as the  
case might be. They thought war was  
wrong, and wished to live in peace and  
love with all men. The Quakers were  
cruelly persecuted in England. William  
Penn himself had been thrown into  
prison, and suffered much on account of  
his opinions. He thought it would be a  
great thing to establish a colony where  
the Quakers could be free and happy.  
Now, the King had owed his father, who  
was a famous Admiral, a large sum of  
money; and Penn, in payment of the  
debt, obtained a grant of land in the  
new world. In 1682, Penn with a large  
company of Quakers reached the shore  
of America. The next year he laid out  
on the Delaware the fine city of Philadel-  
phia, Pa., treating all men honestly. He  
bought his land of the Swedes and In-  
dians. Calling the Indians together  
under a great elm, he made them pre-  
sents, assured them of his love, and asked  
their friendship in return. The Red  
Men met him kindly. They promised to  
live in peace with him and his children  
as long as the sun and moon should en-  
dure. The Indians kept their word.  
For seventy years, Pennsylvania had no  
trouble with the natives. The people  
enjoyed a free government, and numbers  
flocked there from other parts of the  
new world and from Europe. In three  
years Philadelphia grew more than New  
York had done in fifty years. But Penn  
did not profit by its prosperity. He was  
unjustly deprived of his rights in the  
colony, and died in poverty.

I will close now, hoping to see this in  
print. I will answer if Bessie Bennett  
will write to me. My address is

MABEL A. PIKE,  
Bolster's Mills, Box 57.

Dear Boys and Girls: I will write a  
little about Alaska. Sitka is a queer  
little city, many miles away. Native In-  
dians live in one part of it, while white  
men from many countries live in the  
other part. There is a wall between the  
two parts of the city. At nine o'clock,  
every gate in the wall is opened. The  
Indian women and children come into  
the white men's part of the town. They  
bring berries and fish and carvings and  
bead work to sell. When they have sold  
their goods, the Indian men are away  
hunting or fishing many weeks. When

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they are at home, they come into the  
white men's part of the city. Just be-  
fore three o'clock in the morning a guard  
goes in all the crooked little streets and  
sees that the gates are locked. There  
is a guard house near the gates, and they  
watch the gates day and night. In some  
parts of Alaska it is very cold, and in  
other parts it is not so cold.

I think the natives of Alaska are much  
like the Laplanders and Eskimos, and  
they ride sleds drawn by dogs, and  
live in huts. Men from Maine go there  
to dig gold. Some get a little and others  
do not get any, the hardships are so  
great. Alaska is on the Pacific coast,  
and north of California.

I told, in one of my other letters, that  
I was getting a collection of calendars.  
I have over 40. There is a little mystery  
about the last one. It seems by the  
letter that came with it that it was writ-  
ten in California, but was backed in this  
city. I should like to know the right  
sender. That is the riddle for me. I  
am very proud of the calendar, and I  
thank the sender very much for it. I  
am 11 years old today, and had lots of  
presents.

Yours truly,  
BESSIE BENNETT.

Dear Boys and Girls: I will write about  
the discovery of Florida. There was a  
man named Ponce de Leon who went  
with Columbus on one of his voyages  
and was at last made Governor of Porto  
Rico. There was a story told at that  
time and believed by all that in the  
regions that Columbus had discovered  
was a wonderful fountain whose waters  
would restore youth to any one who  
would bathe in them. Now Ponce de  
Leon was in disgrace, and so he thought  
if he could be a young man he might get  
out of his disgrace. So in March, 1512,  
he sailed west from Porto Rico to reach  
the fountain of youth. At last on Easter  
Sunday, a day which Spaniards called  
Pascua Florida, he reached Florida and  
as the flowers were in full bloom it  
seemed so beautiful he gave it the name  
of Florida. He landed and explored the  
coast for many weeks and then returned  
home. Returning five years later he was  
driven away by the Indians and wounded  
with an arrow. He then went back to  
Spain to die without finding the fountain  
of youth. I should like to correspond  
with some of the Maine Farmer girls  
who are about my age. I am 11 years  
old. Good bye for this time.

Succ.  
EDNA GOODIER.

Dear Boys and Girls: My father takes  
the Maine Farmer and we like it very  
much. I read every one of your letters  
and enjoy them. I am going to school  
now; it keeps four weeks longer. My  
brother is hauling up our fire wood. My  
father has two horses and two colts. I  
have two biffers that I team in a small  
sled my brother made for me. Some-  
times I go up to a store, a short distance  
above our house, and get a bag of corn  
or meal on the sled with them. Their  
names are June and Maudie. We have  
a nice good dog; his name is Rover. He  
will shake hands with us and go on  
errands and is very smart to go after the  
cows in summer. I have made a snow  
fence lately. It has four mounted guns  
(wooden ones). The name of the fort is  
Ticonderoga. A flag of red, white, and  
blue waves over it. Perhaps I have  
written enough for the first time.

Yours truly,  
LEON R. HURLEY.

Dear Boys and Girls: I have never  
written to the Maine Farmer before. I  
live by the side of Pleasant pond. Folks  
think that it is rightly named. There  
are black bass, pickerel, perch, shiners,  
flatfish, and hornpouts, too numer-  
ous to mention. This fall I saw 1,200  
salmon put into the pond and a short  
time before, there were 1,200 more put  
in, so in a few years there will be salmon  
fishing. I am nine years old and have  
no brothers or sisters. I like to read  
the letters that are printed in the Farmer  
very much. Next time I will tell you  
about catching fish.

WALTER E. RICHMOND.

Dear Boys and Girls: I have never  
written to the Farmer, but like to read  
the children's column. I have four sis-  
ters and one brother, all younger than  
myself. My birthday was the 18th of  
January, when I was 12 years old. For  
chocolates, I milk two cows night and mor-  
ning, feed a flock of hens and carry the  
wood and water. I have a Jersey boy-  
le which I am raising. My brother Myron  
and I have a pair of black and white  
steers we are breaking. They do not  
like to be yoked very well yet. I have  
four doves, all different colors. If this  
is printed, I will write again. Good bye,  
MAURICE C. PEABODY.

We are much pleased with the letters  
the young people are now writing. They  
are both lively and instructive. If  
they read the lives of our best authors  
and true men and women, they will learn  
much that will not be forgotten as they  
become older and it will do much toward  
moulding their lives in the right direc-  
tion. If one writes a good letter, another  
is much more likely to do the same. In  
this way we hope each will try to set a  
good example.

The English "Society for the Preven-  
tion of Consumption" presided over by  
the Prince of Wales, was recently ad-  
dressed by Sir William Broadbent, who  
stated that it was definitely known that  
every case of consumption began with a  
germ communicated from some other  
case. There is no such thing as inher-  
ited consumption. There may be a  
local weakness which tends to consump-  
tion, but the germ has absolutely to be  
planted in that weak spot before con-  
sumption can ensue. This ought to  
comfort thousands of people who have  
"weak chests" or "weak lungs." They  
are not foredoomed victims of this  
dread disease. All that is needed to bid  
absolute defiance to this deadly scourge,  
is to be able to strengthen the weak lungs,  
and build up a strong body. The answer  
to this need is found in Dr. Pierce's Gol-  
den Medical Discovery. It so purifies  
the blood and increases the blood sup-  
ply, that disease is thrown off, and the  
weak organs are nourished into perfect  
health, which defies germs of every  
kind. People, given up by doctors,  
emaciated, bleeding at the lungs, with  
obstinate, lingering coughs, are being  
cured every day by the use of "Golden  
Medical Discovery." It is a strictly tem-  
perance medicine containing no alcohol,  
whiskey or other intoxicant.

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